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PATHOS IN FAREWELL NOTE OF SUICIDE

Mrs. Hattie Noble a Former Well Known Lodge Woman Takes Her Life in Seattle

The Dying Woman Spends Her Last Moments in Deadly Gas, Writing to Her Husband

One of the most remarkable efforts in the dying moments was that of a former well known St. Joseph lady who took her life at Seattle three weeks ago, full details of which were received here this week through the letters and newspaper clippings sent from Joseph friends by Mrs. Frank Guadarrama, who is now a resident of Seattle, but who was also a former resident of this city. The communiques were the subject of wide comment and expressions of sorrow from the many friends of the deceased here, and especially from local lodge women who were companions and members in the orders to which the departed belonged and in which she stood high. Her death and the manner in which it occurred are of special note from the fact of the letter which she left in the manner in which it was inscribed.

The victim of her own act was Mrs. Hattie Noble, who about eight years ago was married to C. P. Noble, a business man of Seattle, about two years after the death of her husband, Charles E. Van Loon, whom she married here about three years prior to his death. Van Loon was a St. Joseph man and at the time of his death was in active charge of No. 87 Main street, opposite the new Palmer house, where he had been engaged in business for several years. He was also well known in lodge circles. The letter of Mrs. Guadarrama enclosed an account printed in the Seattle Times which tells a truly remarkable story of Mrs. Noble's death—peculiar from the manner in which she died and what she did in her dying moments. Here is the Times version:

A Five Page Letter.

"Mrs. Hattie Noble, 45 years old, residing with her husband, C. P. Noble, at 2214 Ninth Avenue Northwest, ended her life yesterday under the most dramatic conditions ever recorded in Seattle police annals. Writing words of affection to her loved ones while the Angel of Death hovered over her in a cloud of illuminating gas, battling with the forces for the privilege of just one more word, the woman, childless and starved for love, inflicted her swastikas upon the pencil held from her palsied fingers for the last time—until her muscles gave way and she collapsed on the floor.

On the five pages of paper on a nearby table was a title of a soul in desperation such as an Edict of Alien.

The author imagines such as the ordinary human would believe the fancies of a disordered imagination. Every syllable of this last instance of a dying woman breathes of a love which shall continue beyond the grave; an all pervading thoughtfulness beyond the ken of the material.

And beyond all other interest is the fact that Mrs. Noble, by her most remarkable letter, has demonstrated what science has declared a fact—that dissolution through asphyxiation is not a death of agony and torturing cause, but one of gradual coma.

Locked Herself in Room.

The unfortunate woman's remains were discovered early Saturday morning by two men, Edward and Bruce Nelson, on their return from their day trip. They found both front and rear doors secured on the inside and, through the odor of gasoline gas, broke in through a side window and made their way to the kitchen.

The woman's body lay on the floor beside the kitchen table at which she had been writing until overcome. On her face was an expression of infinite peace. Beside the body lay the pencil with which she had been writing. Gas was pouring into the room from the gas range and a gas plate. The windows were covered with heavy blankets and the keyholes in the doors had been stuffed with paper.

The men stopped the flow of gas and hurried to the Denmore police station to report the death. Officers were detailed to investigate and deciphered the letter. Mrs. Noble had

I feel happy at the thought of going. My heart beats faster and faster. This is my last chance—my last chance. I am almost all in. Nothing to live for—no one—no anxiety to live—me.

Here she must have fallen forward far from the final 'e' in the word "one" to a heavy line extending clear across the paper and out to the table top.

Then came the final effort. The next line begins in a scrawl—a meaningless jumble of half-formed letters that finally resolve themselves into a sentence against Congressmen.

It—she—pity—another scrawl, and a wavering line across the paper, followed by the words "I must die." Two other lines of partly completed beginnings of words follow. Then a faint dot so thin below the last line, and the mark of a pen held across the edge of the table where the pencil touched as Mrs. Noble collapsed.

Soul Poured Into Letter.

And as the woman's soul passed into eternity a bit of it remained on the written pages—the sweetest, the most beautiful handwriting was regular and firm. As it progressed the lines began to waver; letters were half formed and finally obscured. Large some of the words became almost uninterpretable, their final letters each in a scroll.

Most painful of all was the soul-rending effort at the last when, after the words had trailed off into meaningless curves and dashes, the woman had collected her scattered sense and made another and yet another effort to continue her dying message to her husband who was leaving until the day of the final resurrection.

"There was no address indicating for whom the letter was intended, nor throughout the text was there any sense of embankment, yet every word breathed of abiding affection. It was written on the back of deposit slips of the Seattle National Bank and interspersed through the pages was a description of the victim's sensations as death gripped at her hands, her brain and her physical being.

"I do hope this is a success," she wrote as the opening line. "Haste me cremated without any ceremony as cheaply as possible. Very best wishes to everybody and all my love to Mr. Noble."

At this juncture the letter indicates Mrs. Noble poised to consider—possibly to accustom herself to the poisonous fumes of the gas. For when the lines began anew, there was a subtle change in the character of the handwriting.

Meets End With Cheer.

"I am glad to go," she continued. "Be sure to keep me back to Seattle as my will calls for. I do not want any watchers."

"Mr. Noble, if you are afraid to stay here until I am taken away, you can go to the other house. All I want to know is that you are happy. I hope sometimes you can think of me as your best friend. Oh, if you only could understand!"

There's a great split appears on the face of the letter where a tear drop fell as the woman bared her soul to her husband—perhaps permitting him to really understand the depth of her affection for the first time. That she knew of the presence of the tear drop is evidenced by the fact that the next words were written in a cramped manner so that the lines did not run through it.

"Jack Pheasant (the undertaker) do not take me from my own home until I am taken to the cemetery. Send for my sisters. They will prepare me for cremation with the least possible expense."

"There is no reason for this act I am first trip."

At this juncture the handwriting wavered and stopped in a faint line. Mrs. Noble stopped to shave her hand before continuing, for it is her handwriting she continued.

"My fingers tingled so I will not be able to write much more. Hold in mind I know just what I am doing. I am still living you. I am so hungry for a little love from you."

"I bear the 12 o'clock train and whether I am sure I will not be able to write much more. I am standing up, but pretty shaky—I am getting very tired. Hope—it will not be long—he—fore it—in all over."

Apparently the woman made a determined effort at this stage to combat the drowsiness which was stealing over her for the next lines show a resumption of concerted thought, and a better control of her muscles. Also the thought lines have passed through a condition that for several days the nerves just could not make it around.

And this from the DeKalb County Herald of Macon:

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